

on surviving son, the Boy of Greymond, who, in  
leaping to the Chieft, a common enough feat, was drawn  
back by the dog he held in leash, fell into the Whaff,  
was "strangled by a merciless force," and was seen  
no more until "he rose, a lifeless corpse." "What  
is good for a bootless love?" asked the disconsolate  
forester who brought the news to the boy's mother.

"Thought but endless sorrow," said she, divining  
the truth. Then the monks of Ambury counselled  
the erection of a fair Abbey in Bolton Wood,  
to be endowed with the boy's land, where the  
monks should put up daily masses for him  
there. So runs the legend, which Wordsworth  
beautifully belled has made famous, but,  
against it, stands the fact, that this Boy of  
Greymond, himself, signed the deeds surrendering  
the transfer of the land of Bolton to the Canons  
of Ambury. Dr. Whitaker, unwilling, as ever,  
to sacrifice a graceful tradition, suggests that  
the facts are probably true in the main, but  
refers to one of the two sons of Cecilia de Romille  
the first foundress, both of whom died young.  
The 'Chieft,' the scene of Wordsworth's poem, is a  
romantic gorge about half a mile above the Abbey.  
The further history of the Abbey is markedly  
little but the repeated ravages of the Scots, who  
hardened this, in common with all the  
northern houses. It was condemned, with  
the Greater Houses, in 1540, since then, the  
lands have fallen into the hands of more than  
one noble owner. At present nearly the whole of  
Upper Wharfedale is in the hands of the Duke of Devonshire.  
Up the valley, we follow the river into great depths, other

On a brow in the heart of the woods, is a ruined tower.  
 This is Barden Tower, where the gentle Shepherd Lord of  
 Skipton dwelt by choice, though it was a poor  
 place compared with the great castles he owned  
 elsewhere. His father was John, Lord Clifford, the  
 ninth Lord of the Honour of Skipton, the 'black-faced  
 baron' who earned the title of 'Butcher' in the  
 battle of Wakefield. Three months later, on the  
 eve of Towton, he fell, leaving a widow & three  
 children whose only hope lay in flight & concealment.  
 The family estates were confiscated, but Lady  
 Clifford saved her two sons; the second, she  
 sent to the Netherlands, but the eldest she  
 carried with her to her father's estate of Conkington  
 in Yorkshire, where she placed him under the care  
 of a shepherd who had married a maid out of her  
 nursery. Here he remained until he was  
 fourteen, when rumours reached the court  
 that a son of the Black-faced Clifford was in hiding  
 upon the Yorkshire moors. Thereupon, his mother  
 had her boy brought to the village of Threlkeld in  
 Cumberland, she having married Sir Lancelot  
 Threlkeld, and, although he was a Yorkist -

"Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
 To noble Clifford, from enemy  
 Conceal'd the persecuted boy."

At last, after four & twenty years of peasant life,  
 a change came to the Shepherd Lord. The battle of  
 Bosworth restored the House of Lancaster, & many  
 of its partisans were reinstated. Amongst these  
 the Shepherd Lord emerged from his retreat  
 amongst the Cumbrian hills, where, at the  
 age of thirty-one, the tenth Lord of the Honour of Skipton  
 his mother lived to see his joyful restoration, & so



We are getting now into the heart of the picturesque mountain region of western Yorkshire, where Wharfedale, Ingleborough & Pennine hold their own amongst the mountains of England. The steep fells with chults in Dentdale on the south is the northern shoulder of Wharfedale. Two other lovely dale entirely enclose & isolate its vast masses, Gt. Eborac on the east, Skipton on the west, both watered by the fells of the Pennines. Beautiful as the dales of this district are, its beauty is of a kind too clean in detail, but the prospects are not fine, the great mountain masses are not beautiful: it is impossible to draw so near to the gigantic masses of the 'Backbone' for mountain effects: seen en masse, the mountains rise before you barren uniform, without a tree to break the monotony. Though Wharfedale is the highest of this western group (2411 ft.), it yields to the other two points in point of picturesque interest. Clapham, a charming village at the foot of Ingleborough, is a good point from which to ascend the mountain. Though not a good point from which to see it. Near Ingleborough rises before you a compact conical mass: its outline is very clearly marked, a cone with a flat-top of millstone grit, resting upon a broad table of limestone rocks. Though really lower, it looks higher than Wharfedale. (Ingleborough, 2361 ft.). The limestone platform on which Ingleborough rests is everywhere penetrated by caverns, sometimes, superficial openings, as the 'various' 'Pots' & 'Holes' of Gulethel; & sometimes, penetrating into the very heart of the mountain. The most interesting of these is Clapham, or Ingleborough Cavern, which extends nearly half a mile into the recesses of the mountain. Norton in Ribblesdale, on the eastern side of Ingleborough, is perhaps the <sup>best</sup> station from which to get the mountain aspect of this principal group of fells. You are at the foot of Pennine, which reaches the valley by two or three huge ridges, the summit rising before you sharp & colossal, patches of heather flow in the

sunshine, light ragged clints hang about the summit, then a shadowy depth the deep lights; altogether, it is picturesque mountainous in aspect; more so than most of the fellsows. Here you get to your left the magnificent sweeping curves of Wharfedale, something like a seals back in outline. Behind is Ingleborough, always discernible by the tatels planted on its broad shoulders. Higher up the valley, at Ribbleshead you may see the sun make a sudden dip behind Wharfedale which fills the western horizon - a long huge mass bumping you to the world's end.

Settle, lower down in the Ribbles valley, seated in a green fertile basin hemmed in by limestone scars, is a good point - from which to study the scenery of the limestone.

Further north, ~~up~~ to the east of the long dips of Ribblesdale, we have a fine group of fells about the sources & the upper course of the Wharfe - Dod Fell, Cam Fell, Weather Fell, Buckden Pike, &c. & lower down in Wharfedale, Simon's Cat & Barlow Fell.

Another great group of fells, including Great Wharfedale, (2,263 ft.), Little Wharfedale.

These are the most important of the fells & groups of fells in the mountainous north-western division.

The south-western district, on the other side of the broad Ribbles basin, is a moorland region, but hardly mountainous, there being no heights above 2,000 ft. Here we pass into the millstone grit country, where the peculiar features of the limestone - caves, 'potholes', scars, underground streams. Of the highlands, Rumbold's Moor, between Aire & Wharfedale, with the Cow & Hag rocks above Benthaydding Baildon Moor, Otley Chevin - a remarkable isolated hill with a fine view of the Wharfe Valley - Bonlaworth Hill, further south, & Blackstone Edge - a dreary bounding fell between Yorkshire & Lancashire - are some of the more remarkable.

The Eastern Moorlands have much in common with the Western: Danby Beacon, (2,668 ft.), & Easton Dale, (2,884 ft.) are the most conspicuous heights north of the Eek, south of the Eek, the elevation is greater, many of the hills exceeding 1,000 ft.



within his ancient castles.

Still within the 14<sup>th</sup> century <sup>1392</sup> this castle was the scene of a tragedy, the king, (Richard II.) mistreated & suffering at the hands of his subjects. Parliament had decreed that the king should be imprisoned for life in some lonely castle - unpestered by any anxious people. - of his Yorkshire castle - Leeds, Pickering, Thoresborough, Pontefract - became in turn the prison of the deposed king. He had not been many weeks in Pontefract castle when the news of his death was made public. - There is no doubt at all that he died by foul means, but how, is not certainly known. According to Shakespeare, he was murdered, struggling manfully with the assassins until he was overpowered. Another story is, that he was starved, dying after fifteen days of lingering torture; & a third declares that he did indeed die of starvation, but of his own will - food being daily supplied to him - unable to support the evils of his condition.

The history of Pontefract is the history of England with so many leading events in this great story. Hold of the North associated. we pass on to one which belongs peculiarly to the history of Yorkshire. In another County are there so many picturesque ruins of roofless abbeys as in Yorkshire, & nowhere did the orders for the dissolution of not less than the greater houses <sup>(1536, & thereafter)</sup> cause such universal consternation. There were there, over eighty monasteries, great & small, in the county; & the effect of the Dissolution was not only to turn the monks adrift as homeless wanderers, but to throw their labourers, an enormous

210 p 6 cm 134

enormous numbers - out of work, independent  
the poor of those means of aid which modern  
institutions - the hospital, the workhouse, &  
charity - supply, but for all of which, the  
peasants of ante-Reformation days looked to  
the neighbouring monastery. The whole country  
was thrown into confusion; starving men hanged  
from village to village, threatening murders  
made themselves heard. The peasants of Lincolnshire  
were the first to rise, but it was in Yorkshire  
that an insurrection began which ~~soon~~ threatened  
even the throne. Other causes of discontent were  
at work: the people resented the curtailing of their  
holidays; the nobles, the fact that advisers of  
the reformed faith were chosen to the detriment  
of the old nobility; but, for whatever reason, nobles  
& people were minded to make common cause  
against the king. Men began to arm; they were  
riots for anything; but, meantime, they wanted

a leader.  
It happened that Robert Aske, the second son of  
a Yorkshire squire of that name, having occasion  
to pass through Lincolnshire, was seized by  
the rebels & compelled by them to take an oath  
of fellowship in their movement. He returned to  
Yorkshire, still uncertain as to his own wishes  
with regard to this movement, but - then, to his  
surprise, he found all men afoot, & all  
waiting for him. A letter had been sent through  
the country in his name calling upon the people  
to defend the Church. There was nothing for it  
but he must lead the rebels, whom he promptly  
in great force in the common of Market Weighton.

Nobles & peasants alike flocked in every  
town

moorland - the North York Moors - <sup>210 p 70 m 34</sup> a chalk  
ridge, called the Yorkshire Wolds, which runs  
north from the Humber. Between the Wolds &  
the North York Moors is the lovely Vale of Pickering.  
Goldersness, low & level, lies between the Wolds  
& the sea, which is <sup>here</sup> carrying it <sup>the land</sup> away year by year.

Yorkshire is divided into three Ridings, or  
Thirdings, as perhaps the word means. In  
the North & East Ridings, corn is grown & cattle  
are reared; but the West Riding, the beautiful  
mountain country, is one of the busiest manu-  
facturing districts in England. A great coal  
field reaches up as far from Nottingham as far  
as Leeds & Bradford; & scattered about the coal-  
district are the tall chimneys of many factories.  
In this corner of Yorkshire is the seat of the  
oldest ~~and most~~ famous of British  
manufactures - those of Woollens & Wools.



What could a man ask better than to put  
himself altogether into the hands of God, sure  
that He will undertake all for His child? It is so  
easy, so happy, to come to our Father's day by  
day, shows by hours for the sweet-peace of soul  
feeling, & the power to do good deeds. Some  
people however watch our struggle with wonder, would  
doubtless think: Why need we spend our days in  
ill at-ease, so restless, so cast-down? Only  
because we are hopelessly proud creatures;  
eager to have something of our own, always hoping  
to make out that there is some special reason why  
we should be excused for our wrong-doing, or  
rewarded for our little efforts: we cannot be  
content that God should treat us just as He treats  
everybody else, & our hearts are such mut. chells,  
that we cannot understand that the great Father  
has as much love for each <sup>single</sup> of His innumerable  
family as the child will open his heart to receive;  
and some cannot trust God and cannot  
give up ourselves, & our proud hope is that we  
shall be able to prove to the Almighty - that we have  
deserved well at His hand - at any rate better  
than the great-crowned who live for little beyond  
the bread they eat. Alas, poor things! what  
does us long up for ourselves! - For God cannot  
let this pride alone; it must be cut out of  
a man's heart as a surgeon would cut a  
deadly sore out of his flesh. The man thinks  
well of himself & believes he can go alone, &  
God leaves him to himself to try: he totters  
like an infant learning to walk, and then - a  
fall, a shameful fall; there is no sin <sup>when it is</sup> that a man  
may not fall into it if God leaves him to himself;  
and then he thinks hard thoughts of God, &  
~~how into the faith & how~~ <sup>how is the faith & how</sup>  
in which he trusted? Light breaks in upon  
him; he sees himself as he is, & feels in the dark  
that he owes to God <sup>cannot love the way that he is</sup>  
But Jesus



opposite

century work which would seem to have included  
a general renovation. The final effort was the  
sixteenth century perpendicular tower which  
is rather a disight to the west front. The nave,  
having been reserved at the Dissolution for  
the use of the 'Saxons Cure' is still the parish  
church. Grasses & creeping plants were in  
the windows & clinging to the walls of the beautiful  
Choir, which is entirely a ruin. Bolton is  
poor in monuments: opening out of the  
nave is a chancel, where,

"Face to face, hand by hand  
The Claphams & Mauleverers stand;"

at least, tradition has it - that the sons of these  
two northern houses elected to be buried standing.  
There are no remains of the Clifpords, with  
the fortunes of whose house those of the Abbey were  
a good deal involved. The whole of the  
cloister quadrangle, with refectory, dormitory,  
chapter house, &c., has been destroyed. The  
baldemented gateway of the ancient Abbey  
has been expanded into the present dwelling.  
house a shooting box, used by the Dukes of  
Devonshire, <sup>(the owners of the property)</sup> during two or three weeks of the  
Season.

The interest of the graveyard, which is the village  
burying ground, centres in the charming legend  
of the White Doe of Rylstone: the story runs, that,  
shortly after the Dissolution, a white doe was  
wont, every Sunday, to appear in the Abbey  
Churchyard amongst the worshippers; then she  
would remain during the service, & when the  
congregation dispersed, would depart - with the rest  
betaking herself to Arncliffe, in the valley of the Wharfe,  
after

210 p 10 c m 34

glens near the source of the Wharfe. "This incident-awakens  
the fancy," says St. Whitaker: Mr. Geo. Wm. Carr, a Cald  
Rector ~~of~~ of Bolton who devoted himself ~~with~~ to opening  
up, with singular taste & judgment, the beauties of the  
woods, felt that much might be made of it in the  
hands of a poet: he showed the passage in Whitaker's  
History of Great Britain to Woodworth, at the same time  
suggesting that the slaying might be worked in with  
the fortunes of the Dostons of <sup>Boston</sup> <sup>Conyers</sup> <sup>& of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Yorkshire</sup>  
the fortunes of the Dostons of <sup>Boston</sup> <sup>Conyers</sup> <sup>& of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Yorkshire</sup>  
was married in the rebellious known as the  
'Rising of the North': we have the result in 'The  
White Doe of Rylstone', the companion poem  
to the scenery of Bolton, as is the Lady of the Lake  
to that of Loch Katrine. Woodworth follows the  
line called of the Rising of the North, rather than  
historical fact, when he says,

'Dost. Dostons, whose eight good sons  
Lay down to die?'

The story of the rebellion of 1569 is briefly as follows:  
The suggestion of a marriage between Mary  
Queen of Scots & the Duke of Norfolk led to a general rising  
in the eastern counties in support of Norfolk  
& in the north, where the great lords were Catholics  
& anxious to restore the old religion. Nearly all  
the great Yorkshire families were concerned in  
the rising. <sup>notably</sup> the Dostons of Boston Conyers & old  
Richard Norton was the more forward in his  
movement, because, more than thirty years  
before, he had taken an active part in the  
rising known as the 'Religious of Grace'. The  
rebels meant to restore the old religion, secure  
the recognition of Mary as next heir to the throne,  
to bring about the overthrow, & possibly the death  
of Cecil. Norfolk fell into the hands of the government  
but the northern lords, determined to act without  
them,